

Lines written on a cambric work-bag & presented to me by a Friend.

Farewell kind Friends, so long to me most dear;
The parting stroke seems hard, it seems severe:
It is not this, tho' fraught with joy serene,
And opens to my view a brilliant scene.

Depart loved Friends, — when in a distant clime,
Serve thy Redeemer in a dark sublime;
Teach the benighted heathen of our race,
That man's salvation, is of sovereign grace;
And Oh, my friends, may the bliss be thine
To see them bow before a God divine:
To see them taste their robes to the throne
And pay their homage to the Lord alone.

Will thy trials be sweet — favoured thy lot.

I scant thy fortune, or though mean thy lot,
Friends though sever'd, from thy home remov'd —
A sure a boon so precious, must be yours.

Mr.
Thos.
Farr
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My dear Mrs. Weeks, Your brother has kindly invited me to write a little in addition to the copy of those lines you requested, & which with pleasure I enclose to you — though I do not feel hardly right to avail myself of the pleasure, as it must shorten, probably the last communication made you in this highly favoured land by an affectionate brother whom we both love, & to whom furnish me to say, I ^{hope} to be enabled to supply in some respects, the place of a sister. Our work is indeed an arduous one — & which I feel requires all that strength which may be derived from the influences of the Holy Spirit, from Christian confidence, & the most entire unanimity of feeling & purpose. It is a satisfaction to me that I have seen you & your dear companion, I think of you more as brother & sister, than strangers with whom I have had but little acquaintance — likewise your father's family are all remembered with interest & affection. Now let me wish you ever to remember in your prayers, your friend, Rachel F. Bardwell

Monday M. A. Mr. _____
The go or Road is
on horse. I said it was well been & fresh
& singing - One little hand on ring and strings
against my hands

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Mr Thaddeus Warren
Marlborough
Mass.

